

## Contributions.

### THE ROYAL STOREHOUSE.

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Moody tells us of a Scotchman who found thirty-one thousand distinct promises in the Bible. He was surely interested in the promises. So am I. Let a man believe in each precious promise of his God and then place himself completely under the directions of his God, and little will he care for any stormy gale that blows. As we grasp those precious, glittering promises, and claim them as our own, how earth's gloom fades away under heaven's lights. The tomb, the darkest, gloomiest spot in all the world below is so covered up beneath roses and lilies and violets and pansies of promises, that we no longer need behold a bare mound sending forth its doleful sounds, but a flower arched gateway through which we catch the sweet melodies of the redeemed. "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

O those precious promises! Precious because

THEY ARE TRUE!

Precious because they were sealed and given to me from the Victor of Calvary's brow. Some of them bear up the weight of six thousand years. A strong, but sure test. Some, four thousand years; many of them three thousand years; *all* of them have stood the great test of eighteen centuries—a long time to be sure. Surely long enough to test their reliability. And the testimony of every old warrior of the cross in every age has been that of the dying conqueror of Jericho; "Behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth, and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spoke concerning you." Precious, never failing promises, to man below from God in heaven! The soul of that man whose faith in God leads him to step out on each precious promise must even *now*, be sailing on the seas of eternal bliss. God's promises are precious as each one applies itself to

EACH HUMAN NEED.

"Precious promises of Jesus,  
Sweeping every human need!  
For the grace of our Redeemer  
Must our highest tho't exceed;  
To the mighty royal storehouse  
Let me use the golden key,  
Find the special tender promise  
That will just suit me."

That is it exactly. The blessed Bible is a "royal storehouse" in which there is a balm for every troubled heart—a vest-

ure for every human need. This "royal storehouse" belongs to the children of God and it is for them just to go to the "royal storehouse" and receive "the special tender promises that will just suit me." There is a promise for every dark hour, a silver lining for every cloud.

The other day I sat by the bedside of a dear old mother in Israel and as we talked of a better land she said: "Brother, this is a good world, but there is a better, and I am ready any time to go. I am perfectly happy and I should be at perfect rest, were it not for *this pain*." This pain, this pain! Oh, for a balm to soothe this pain and then heaven's *perfect* rest. We went to the "mighty royal storehouse" and found the soothing balm—"Neither shall there be any more pain," and found—perfect rest.

Another mother with locks of gray and furrows of care upon her brow once said to me: "The last of my children has grown to manhood. I have done my best for their welfare in this world and the world to come. They all love me, I know, but the world has been a hard one with me and I am tired, and weary and worn." Come, mother, with me to the "royal storehouse" for there's a pillow for your aching brow. "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

I know a young man who often says, "I fear I shall never reach that better land. I don't believe there ever was any one so terribly tempted as I am. I pray and struggle and sometimes *almost* give over the battle." Come, my brother, let us go to the "royal storehouse," for I was as you are, but one day when I went to the storehouse, He who gave me the key, said, "Here is something that will help you, I know, for I was tempted in all points like as you are." Here my brother is a stimulant for you which will give you vital energy and strength of action and—VICTORY! "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive a crown of life. \* \* \* There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but *God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape that ye may be able to bear it.*"

I know a little band of workers for the Master. Long have they struggled in weakness against the powers of darkness. They feel as though at last they must yield to the hosts of sin—yield the battle—yield the victory. Come, brethren and sisters to the wondrous storehouse, for there is a stimulant for you. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them. \* \* \* Fear

not little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

A pastor once said to me in the midst of serious discouragements, when Satan was marshalling his mighty forces against him, within his own beloved church, as well as without, "It seems after all I have done, after all I have sacrificed, after all I have prayed, that I can barely hold my own against my enemies. I have tried to do my duty for God, as I thought he would have me do, but I stand *almost* alone." Come, brother, you need a refreshment to reinvigorate you. Come with me to the "royal storehouse." Here is a promise that has carried many like you through the dark days of trial and tribulation. Believe me, brother, the promise is sure, and claim is as your very own. It is the very breath of God, before whose omnipotence none can stand. "Step out on the promise, get under the blood." "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Behold, all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded: they shall be as nothing, and they that strive with thee shall perish. Thou shalt seek them and shalt not find them, even them that contended with thee: and they that war against thee shall be as nothing, and as a thing of naught. For I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee: "Fear not, I will help thee." Brother, no man can contend against right and win, for who can win against God? Come, let us like Jonathan and his armour-bearer say: "Come, let us go over unto the garrison of these uncircumcised; it may be that the Lord will work for us: for *there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few.*" Come like them, let us go and see how sure God's promises are. Like them by the power of God, we will make the devil and his hosts tremble until the very earthquakes. Come, let us sing, "Hold the Fort," and go!

Friend of God, have you prayers unanswered? Does your heart long for some desire our Father still withholds? Listen: There is a message in the "royal storehouse" for you. "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him, and he shall give thee the *desires of thine heart*. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and HE SHALL BRING IT TO PASS.

Ho, one and all, come to this "royal storehouse" and get the special tender promise, that just suits you. Come, ye burden-bearers, "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee." Come, ye, lone and friendless, for here you will